



# Mondrian's Cat

Coen Bouwstra



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translated from first edition, Wbooks 2012  
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This preview contains the first chapter and additional pictures  
from the book.



## THE COUNTRYSIDE

Outside it's cloudy, and the sun is nowhere to be seen. But look, here comes a man on his bike. What is he doing out in this gloomy weather?

On the back of his bike is a box. He stops at the waterside, looks around and takes some things out of his box.

What do you think he is up to?



The man is an artist, and his name is Piet Mondrian.  
A cat is sitting in the grass; she is his cat.

He rests a box with brushes and paper on his bike's  
handlebars; then he takes out a flat piece of wood  
with a hole in it.

“Look”, says Piet to Cat, “this piece of wood is a palette.  
I can put my paints on it whilst I’m painting!”

Together they look at the trees and the water. There is so much to  
see! And it is so nice and peaceful.

“No one knows how quiet it is out here,” he thinks, “no one is  
here to see the sun coming out from behind the clouds.”

Cat turns her head towards the sun.  
How good it is to feel its warmth on her face.



It is almost evening and the sun is slowly going down. The purple shadows are getting longer and longer. Piet looks over across the water. "What is that interesting shape? It appears to be moving!"

"That's a windmill", says Cat, "Would you paint it for me?"



While Piet is painting the windmill, evening falls.

The light at the horizon is becoming redder and redder, and so is the windmill; while the sky behind the windmill is slowly turning dark blue.

"This is the most beautiful sight that I have ever seen...", Cat whispers.

